

SOCIETY THIEVES AFTER \$500,000 IN GEMS GET \$15,000

Remove Entire Door and
Ransack Apartment of
Mrs. Thomas G. Bolles.

NEAR SCHWAB HOME.

Burglars, Surprised, Knock
Woman Companion of Vic-
tim Down Stairs.

A band of "society crooks" is believed by Mrs. Thomas G. Bolles, No. 306 West 73d Street, responsible for the \$500,000 jewel burglary at her apartment at the dinner hour Wednesday night, when the door was removed, frame and all, and a woman who interrupted the job, Mrs. Bolles's companion, was knocked down stairs and seriously injured. The police say the thieves missed at least \$500,000 worth of additional jewelry which was in the little two-room and kitchenette apartment. Without comment on that statement Mrs. Bolles told an Evening World reporter this morning that she has "a pretty good idea" as to who the burglars are.

"They have been watching me like hawks for several weeks," she said. "They are people in high position. 'Socially, you mean?'"

Asked specifically about the report of half a million dollars' worth of jewelry overlooked, Mrs. Bolles said: "I am not going to talk about that. I don't want to invite any more burglars to call on me."

The police say they have found one witness who is likely to prove valuable. He is a watchman employed by a contractor renovating the lower floors of the building. He remembers seeing two men loitering about the premises just before he went to the rear for his luncheon. The burglars must have entered within a few minutes of the watchman's departure.

Mrs. Bolles said her husband was a traveling silk salesman, at present on the road. In his absence she has been entertaining two women friends at her apartment. She was at dinner with them at a restaurant when the burglary was committed. She was wearing a \$65,000 emerald ring when she thinks the thieves especially wanted.

The stolen jewels were wrapped in a silk garment and hidden in a dresser drawer. When Mrs. Bolles left home to meet her guests her companion, Miss Paula Goodwin, went to a 72nd Street restaurant for dinner.

Miss Goodwin's return interrupted the thieves. One slipped her on the face and the other knocked her down the stairs to the next floor, six steps below. But she got up and ran after them and screamed. Later it was found her injuries are such as probably will be confined to her bed for a month.

Mrs. Bolles believes somebody had told the thieves the emerald was hidden in the apartment, for the way they piled clothes on the floor from trunks and drawers. She had taken her gems from a safe deposit box only a few days ago. The reason the thieves removed the entire door was that it had strong hinges and was protected with a patent lock of peculiar design. The Bolles have lived in the apartment for four years.

An inventory of the stolen articles, supplied to the West 68th Street Station by Mrs. Bolles, follows:

Two diamond bracelets valued at \$4,200.
One pair of diamond cuff links valued at \$1,000.
Small emerald ring set in platinum valued at \$1,500.
One diamond ring valued at \$5,000.
Rough box valued at \$55.
Gold lipstick holder valued at \$45.
Wedding ring valued at \$55.
Many smaller articles valued at from \$10 to \$40 each were included in the list.

TO TRY TO SPAN ATLANTIC WITH
RADIOPHONE.

WOR, the broadcasting establishment of L. Bamberger & Co. of Newark, N. J., has arranged a transatlantic radio telephone test with Selfridge's of London, to be carried out at midnight to-night. This is the first attempt to bridge the Atlantic Ocean with radio telephony. Sir Thomas Lipton, with Mayor and Mrs. Hyman and Commissioner Enright, will attempt to broadcast a personal message to England.

Brave Charlotte Mills, 15-Year Girl, Pathetic Victim of Mills-Hall Tragedy, Faces Problematic Future Unafraid

Plucky, Pink-Cheeked Child
Maintains Marvellous
Poise Despite Great Sor-
row and Gossiping
Tongues.

Talks of Murder Mystery
With Dry Eyes and No
Hysteria and Won't Let
Horrible Case Mar Her
Life.

Will Keep On at School Be-
cause She Can Find Re-
spite and Even a Little
Happiness There.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

A PLUCKY, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed child stands in the ruins of two households over in New Brunswick, N. J., and looks into the future—unafraid.

Fifteen-year-old Charlotte Mills, daughter of the woman choir leader whose murdered and mutilated body was found two weeks ago in the dew wet grass beside the body of her pastor, the Rev. Edward Wheeler Hall, is facing dauntlessly the still unsolved double tragedy and the chorus of madly gossiping tongues.

To a discerning observer Charlotte is the most pathetic victim of the whole unhappy business. Mrs. Mills and the Rev. Mr. Hall are dead; somebody's revolver put a period to their problems. Mr. Mills and Mrs. Hall, the surviving widower and widow, are, of course, grief-stricken. Yet perhaps half their lives is over; neither is at the age to feel that the whole of an otherwise sunlit future has been suddenly savagely overcast.

That desolating sensation one would think to be reserved for Charlotte. Try to see the little girl in your family in her situation: the high school girl with her thick, bobbed locks, her slim ankles, her dimple in a smooth pink cheek, her giggling confidence, her vague but happy ambitions. However such a child's mother dies, it's hard enough and sad enough. But when the mother is so savagely killed that you cannot look at her poor, marred face before the coffin lid closes, when the days go by and the bitter mystery remains unsolved, when into the child's mind are thrust cynical suspicions and snobish differentiations and a sense of hidden, malignant forces working to smother truth and justice and fair-dealing—then, indeed, there is a test for more than a child's resolution and endurance.

Charlotte Mills, it seemed to me when I saw and talked with her at her home on the upper floor of No. 49 Carman Street, New Brunswick, meets such a test with a fine courage and firmness. Charlotte, in the eyes of some, has damned herself faintly by admitting that she is a "flapper." But I think that flapperdom should be proud of a representative who so clearly is the master of her fate, the captain of her soul. The chances are that Charlotte never heard of W. E. Henley; nevertheless, I believe she could truthfully repeat his immortal quatrain:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not wined nor cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

I met her on the threshold of the shadow-gilded, simply furnished living-room, into which opened directly the door from the small landing at the top of the unpainted, unsheltered wooden stairs leading to the Mills home. She was dressed for going out; dressed simply yet attractively in

a long, fur-collared coat and a small hat pulled low over her fluff of golden-brown hair. There was none of the Victorian daughter's ostentatious mourning. She is a genuinely pretty girl, with clear blue eyes under thick lashes, a good forehead, a delicate pointed chin, extremely white and regular teeth and pastel coloring. When she smiles there is a dimple, and she did smile two or three times during our conversation. She is of a good height and boyishly slender, like most girls of her age.

The truly remarkable thing about her is her composure. Her glance is steady, her eyes are dry. Neither her lip nor her soft voice quivers as she talks. She is not, a million times she is not, the shrinking, shuddering, weeping, fainting "sweet maid" of Victorian days. In English schoolboy slang, she is "a good-plucked 'un."

Charlotte Mills is brave. "It is two weeks," I said, "since your mother was—since she died. Do you still feel, as you said then, that the authorities are on the wrong track and will never find the guilty person?"

"I think they're getting nearer," the girl told me, with her curious, calm impassivity. "I have a little more belief than I had then that they may succeed. But I still feel as I did when I wrote Gov. Edwards the other day—that politics may hush everything up."

"And you want to see the guilty person punished?"

"Well," Charlotte hesitated. "Two wrongs do not make a right," she vouchsafed gravely. Another pause. "But—yes, I do," she finished, with conviction. "I want justice. I don't hate anyone. I wouldn't take vengeance into my own hands. I wouldn't think of such a thing," she added quickly, the smooth brow contracting in a momentary frown. "No, I haven't even thought of doing any detective work myself. But I want the truth to come out. I want fair play."

"Won't you tell me a little about yourself?" I asked. I didn't feel like discussing the crime any more. One autopsy was scheduled for that day and one seemed to me enough. "You've been going to high school, haven't you? But I suppose you're not going just now?"

"Oh, yes, I am," Charlotte answered me, with that same unflinching calm. "I couldn't do any good, you know, just sitting home here and thinking about things. I'd better be happy for a few hours every day if I can."

"And of course I take care of things here at the house," she answered another question. "I've had to do it—some one must get the meals and do the work. It's so much better to work than to sit still and remember."

Then Charlotte told me the plans she had made for her future.

"I want to go to college," she said. "I've always wanted it, and I took the course to prepare me for it. Later, I thought I might go to normal school, because it doesn't take so long and it would fit me for teaching. I planned to be a teacher."

"I don't know now what I can do," she added, with just the faintest sigh. "I must be with my father for awhile."

"And I suppose you'll be a mother to your little brother," I suggested, with a Victorian touch



MISS CHARLOTTE MILLS.

which I should have known better than to give.

Charlotte waved it aside with the frankness of any contemporary girl commenting realistically on a twelve-year-old brother.

"I don't know about that," she observed, smilingly yet dryly. "I don't think he's the kind that wants it!"

She admitted, when I asked her, a fondness for sports—tennis, swimming, outdoor games; for dancing, too, like any all-around girl. She admitted thinking that some day she might marry and have her own home—"but I never thought much about it," she qualified, the dimple in evidence.

Obliquely we touched again on the tragedy. "I've found out who my friends are," said Charlotte. Then she added, with her ungracious sobriety: "And I've found out how many people who I thought were my friends—aren't!"

There didn't seem much more to say. I moved toward the door. Then I turned again to the slight, silent, gallant figure.

"You're not going to let this thing spoil your life, are you?" I asked. "You're not going to be morbid and bitter and miserable always? You're not going to lie down and quit?"

Dauntlessly Charlotte Mills faced me.

"I'm not," she said. "I won't!"

I believe her!

JUMPS IN RIVER AT SPOT
WHERE HUSBAND DROWNS

Mrs. Dreslin, Despondent, Rescued
by Men in Boat.

Despondent because of the death by drowning of her husband in the North River at 44th Street, Wednesday, Mrs. Claire Dreslin, 32, of No. 452 West Third Street, sought out the same spot this morning on the water front which had claimed her husband and threw herself into the river. She was rescued by Tony Substant, of No. 572 Elder Street, Brooklyn, and Frank Garino, of No. 53 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, who were in a rowboat near the 44th Street pier.

Upon being placed in the psycho-pathic ward, at Bellevue, Mrs. Dreslin said that after her husband, Charles, was drowned, there was nothing left in life for her to live for so she sought this means to rejoin him. She said she had no children.

KILLS HUSBAND TO SAVE
HER OWN LIFE, SHE SAYS

LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 29.—Fred W. Brady, a meter reader employed in the water department, was fatally wounded by his wife, Gertrude, while standing in the City Hall vestibule.

Witnesses said Mrs. Brady approached her husband as he was waiting for an elevator. Conversation followed and she drew a revolver and shot him through the head. When a patrolman disarmed her she said: "If I hadn't killed him he would have killed me."

Brady was taken to a hospital, where he died. Mrs. Brady was held on a charge of murder. Brady was a graduate of Holy Cross College.

TAYLOR NOMINATED
FOR SUPREME COURT

George H. Taylor Jr., of Mount Vernon, President of the Westchester Bar Association, was nominated yesterday for Justice of the Supreme Court at the Republican Judicial Convention for the Ninth District at Tarrytown.

The nominating speech was delivered by former Justice Isaac N. Mills of Mount Vernon.

Mr. Taylor has an office in Manhattan. His Democratic opponent is John B. Coyne of White Plains.

Throwing Bomb Doesn't Make Candy Cheaper

Boys' Fine Idea to Make Pun-
ishment Fit Crime Doesn't
Work.

John Wendt, of East Rockaway, has a candy shop. Thursday he received this note:

"Be wary! Your store will be blown up too late."

He told the police. And later, when the same message came by telephone, somebody was listening in. The call was traced and three little boys were arrested. It is understood that some of them thought Mr. Wendt charged too much for his sweets and therefore ought to be scared. But it was all a bluff—these weren't any bombs.

The boys, however, will have to tell the judge about it. They are Wilfred Owens, Jerome Burke and Thomas Rovey, all of East Rockaway and all under fourteen.

WILLIAM LA DUE, FORMER ELK RULER, COMMITTS SUICIDE

Shoots Himself as Doctor
Calls to Him at Home in
Jersey City.

William A. La Due, last Exalted Ruler of the Elks of Jersey City and an official of the Public Service Gas and Electric Corporation committed suicide at noon to-day in his home at No. 228 Harrison Avenue, Jersey City. He had been suffering for some time from spinal trouble.

He was found in the house just before 11 o'clock. His wife had gone shopping and he had sent his son to the bank to make a deposit. Just before noon, his physician, Dr. William A. Ritz, called at the house and shouted:

"Hello, Bill!"

The answer was a revolver shot. Dr. Ritz found his patient dead with a bullet wound in the temple. Mr. La Due is survived by his wife, a daughter, Virginia, twenty-two, and a son, Charles, twenty-three.

It was only a week ago that another Past Exalted Ruler of the Elks of Jersey City, Emerich Wessels, killed himself in the same way.

VALENTINO MUST STICK TO CONTRACT

No Chance for \$1,250 a
Week Pay Bust Till 1924.

Rudolph Valentino must continue to struggle along on a paltry \$1,250 a week acting in the movies for the Famous Players - Lasky Corporation. Supreme Court Justice Wasservogel to-day granted the motion of the film producers for an injunction restraining Valentino from acting for any one until his contract expires in February, 1924. The court also ordered that Valentino increase his bond from \$250 to \$25,000.

In offering opposition to his employer's motion for an injunction, Valentino claimed the film producers had followed a long-drawn-out method of breaking his spirit to make him tractable during the period of his contract. He averred he was harassed and ill-treated until he finally left Hollywood and came to New York, declaring the corporation had failed to keep its contract. And he further averred that the mere \$1,250 a week was not enough money.

SIX HURT IN AUTO CRASH IN JERSEY

Stoneham's Brother-in-Law Suffers
Fractured Skull.

Thomas Boyle, brother-in-law of Charles A. Stoneham, President of the New York National League Baseball Club, who lives at No. 345 Ridgewood Road, Sonoma, Orange, N. J., is in the Memorial Hospital at Newark to-day, suffering from a possible fracture of the skull received in an automobile accident last night.

Boyle, the police say, was driving along South Orange Avenue and was turning into Cottage Street, South Orange, when he collided with another machine said to have been driven by Thomas J. Tighe of No. 8, Elmer Place, Newark. Tighe and his three children were slightly injured and his wife suffered a broken shoulder. No arrests were made.

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN HELD FOR OBSERVATION

Wandering Aimlessly About—Sent
to King's County Hospital.

A young woman of remarkable beauty, who knew nothing of herself except that her name was Rose Burd, was wandering aimlessly about Grand and Berry Streets, Brooklyn, this forenoon. She was taken to the Kings County Hospital for observation and treatment. She was dressed in a blue serge suit of excellent quality, silk stockings, patent leather slippers and wore a bright red tie about the collar of a white silk waist.

In her handbag was found an eyeglass prescription on the blank of a Graham Avenue oculist, but his shop and home were closed.

6 TO 5 BETS OFFERED ON SMITH AND MILLER

Wall Street Differs Over Who Is En-
titled to Odds.

With "Al" Smith as Democratic candidate for Governor against Gov. Miller to succeed himself, much difference of opinion is expressed in Wall Street as to the probable victor.

The firm of W. L. Darnell & Co., No. 41 Broad Street, yesterday offered to bet \$5,000 to \$5,000 that in the event of Smith's nomination Miller would be re-elected, while G. H. de Chaboud & Co., No. 26 Broad Street, announced they had \$5,000 to place against \$5,000 that Smith would win over Miller.

Her "Ford a Day" Prize Gives Her "Last Laugh"

Mrs. Huthwaite, Winner,
Was Ridiculed for Writing
a "What Did You See?"

Mrs. May Huthwaite of No. 938 Madison Street, Brooklyn, is the prize winner to-day for the best contribution in yesterday's page of "What Did You See To-Day?" items contributed by Evening World readers.

Mrs. Huthwaite was in the apartment of her friend, Mrs. Ida Kunkel, in the same building, this morning when an Evening World reporter called to inform her of her good luck.

"Oh, Ida!" Mrs. Huthwaite fairly screamed, when the reporter had finished whispering the news. "I've won a Ford. I've won a Ford!"

Mrs. Kunkel came a-running. "No!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes!" replied Mrs. Huthwaite in delight. "Yes! I've won a Ford!"

Then she threw back her head and laughed. The laugh had a note of triumph, almost, if it were possible for a woman as nice as Mrs. Huthwaite to sound such a note, a note of gloating in it.

"Now you can laugh at me!" she exclaimed. "You and my husband and all my friends! Laugh all you want to, but just watch me drive around in my 'I'll ol' Ford. Then I'll laugh now."

And she proved it before she turned to the reporter and explained: "Everybody—my husband, my family and my friends—have called me a 'bug' for participating in contests, especially in this one. They said I wouldn't have a chance to win. Ha, ha, ha! Why, only the other day, when I was writing the piece for the 'What Did You See?' page, my husband said: 'Why do you write those things, anyhow? You haven't got a chance in the world.' Well, my winning has proved the contrary. It was my first contribution too."

"Oh, I'll have to go tell the children!"

Here Mrs. Huthwaite ran downstairs and marshalled together Herbert, Helen, Howard, Elsie and Raymond to tell them the good news.

Then she called up her husband, Herbert and told him.

"There'll be room in it for all of us!" she told her flock. "It's a Ford!"

Then she turned again to the reporter.

"Thank The Evening World for me. I'll never stop reading The Evening World or writing 'What Did You See?' pieces."

This is Mrs. Huthwaite's prize winning contribution:

On Atlantic Avenue I saw to-day a large ice truck with a baby carriage in it and a luncheon table and eight chairs. The ice truck belonged to Tony Alapine, and he had his whole family in it, I guess, and they were going on a picnic somewhere and on the back of it was written "TONY'S BIRTHDAY" and the truck was decorated with red, white and blue.

REV. JOSIAH A. SEITZ DIES AT COS COB

Had Filled Many Pulpits
and Edited Two Papers.

Rev. Josiah A. Seitz, died early this morning at 3 Orchard Street, Cos Cob, Conn.

He was born in Melmore, Ohio, on March 27, 1837, and after a term at Oberlin College, became a teacher and later a doctor of medicine. In 1867 he entered the Ministry of the Universalist Church holding parishes at Adrian and Attica, O. He then took a theological course at St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., and subsequently filled pulpits in Malone, N. York and Harlem, N. Y., going in 1876 to Norway, Me., where, besides his church work, he established in 1878, and edited, a denominational newspaper, The New Religion. This was removed in 1882 to North Conway, N. H., where he also established the White Mountain News.

Subsequently he held pulpits in West Concord, Vt. and New Britain, Conn., returning to Cos Cob in 1895, where he devoted himself to literary and horticultural pursuits. He wrote a number of denominational works, a vesper service for the church and "The Colloquy," a philosophical poem.

He is survived by his widow, who was Rebecca J. Brown, to whom he was married sixty-one years ago, and a son, Don C. Seitz, of The World.

FIRE NEARBY EMPTIES YORKVILLE COURT

Rubbish Ablaze in Basement of
Palm Garden Causes Alarm.

Policeman Michael Murray of the East 51st Street Station saw smoke in the basement of the Palm Garden, No. 129 East 58th Street, at 10 A. M. to-day. He turned in an alarm and firemen extinguished with slight damage a blaze originating from an unknown cause in a pile of rubbish.

The Palm Garden is next to Unkoff's Theatre, Third Avenue and 58th Street and back of the Yorkville Court in 274 Street. At that hour the theatre was deserted. The court room was soon almost emptied, as spectators ran to the scene of the fire.

ARREST TWO-GUN MAN IN DRUGGIST'S DEATH

BOSTON, Sept. 29.—Frank E. Small, a druggist in the Meeting House Hill district of Dorchester, was shot and killed yesterday by an unidentified man who fired at him from an automobile.

Later, a man who said he was John McWilliams of Allentown, Pa., was arrested. He was found to have two guns and was held for questioning. Police said they believed Small was shot in an attempted hold-up.

INJURED BOXER IS DEAD FOLLOWING RING BATTLE

Billy Light Fatally Hurt by Cim-
melli, Now in Jail.

NEWPORT, Pa., Sept. 29.—Billy Light of Wilmerding, Pa., a welter-weight boxer, injured in a bout with Sammie Cimmelli of Youngstown here, died in the McKeesport Hospital yesterday afternoon without regaining consciousness.

Cimmelli is in custody. His bail was fixed at \$2,000, pending the outcome of a coroner's inquest.



MRS. MARY HUTHWAITE.

Then she called up her husband, Herbert and told him.

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Then she turned again to the reporter.

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WOMEN JOIN QUEST FOR STOLEN CHILD

Failure to Discover Trace of
Voth Baby Stirs Them
to Action.

Failure to discover even a trace of kidnapped three-months-old Mildred Voth of No. 307 West 113th Street, has caused scores of east side women to join in the search, and to-day the appearance of any baby in a locality where it was not known caused instant questioning of the person with it.

The baby was taken, with its carriage, from in front of a store in West 125th Street Wednesday afternoon. The abandoned carriage was found Thursday in 109th Street. Detectives have made a house to house search through Harlem without learning anything.

REVOLT IN JUAREZ QUICKLY PUT DOWN

Part of Garrison Rises But
Is Driven From City.

EL PASO, Tex., Sept. 29 (Associated Press).—Part of the Juarez jarrison revolted in the early hours to-day. They took the loyal Federals completely by surprise, but after several clashes in which ten men were killed and twenty wounded, the rebels ran short of ammunition and retired to the outskirts of the city.

American soldiers took posts along the International Bridge and after the retirement of the rebels they permitted Americans having business in Juarez to proceed to the business section.

Three private soldiers who revolted were stood up against an adobe wall at military headquarters at 9:45 A. M. and shot to death.

MINE BLAST KILLS 5, 7 ENTOMBED, 350 SAVED

Explosion Occurs When Lamps Ignite Gas Pocket.

JOHNSON CITY, Ill., Sept. 29 (Associated Press).—Three mine surveyors and two miners were killed and three miners were injured slightly in an explosion in the Lake Creek Mine, near here, this afternoon.

About 350 men were at work in the mine. All but the five were rescued. Seven miners, including the three injured, were imprisoned for a short time.

The explosion is believed to have resulted when the surveyors, carrying oil lamps, entered an unused entry in which a gas pocket had formed. The mine is owned by the Consolidated Coal Company of St. Louis.

4,000 SAILORS ON LAKES TO STRIKE AT MIDNIGHT

Ordered Because Owners Reject De-
mand for Eight-Hour Day.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 29.—Strikes of more than 4,000 sailors employed on vessels of the Lake Carriers' Association has been ordered effective at midnight, following refusal of the association to grant the eight-hour or three-watch day.

Shipping authorities say the walkout will menace the coal supply of the Northwest.

STILLMAN TO FIGHT REFEREE'S REPORT IN DIVORCE SUIT

Attorney for Wife, However,
Hopes He Will Spare Her
Further Anguish.

The only intimation that came to-day from James A. Stillman's side in the divorce battle won by Mrs. Anne U. Stillman was that Stillman will fight the referee's decision. One of his intimates said:

"Stillman is a peculiar man. When he gets a thing in his mind it becomes an obsession and he hangs on to the bitter end."